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LONDON
FEBRUARY 2, 1944

and BYSTANDER

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Harlip

Three Years a Prisoner of War: Miss Cynthia Elliot

Last autumn Miss Cynthia Elliot arrived back in this country after three years of captivity in Germany. She was captured in June, 1940, while serving in a mobile canteen unit with the French Army, and was posted as missing for three months before news reached England that she was a prisoner in German hands. With two friends, Mrs. Scott Hewitt and Mrs. M. L. Paterson, Miss Elliot nursed wounded British prisoners at Stalag 9, where many blinded men captured at Dunkirk were imprisoned. She went on the tragic repatriation journey, doomed to failure after ten days waiting at Rouen, and returned to Germany to continue nursing at Thuringen Surgical Hospital, Obermessfeld. She and her two companions were finally released by the Germans in September, 1943. Miss Elliot is the only daughter of the late Mr. Gilbert Elliot and Mrs. Elliot of Orchard Court, Portman Square, and is a relation of the Earl of Minto and the Earl of Southesk.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Surprise

THE landing at Nettuno has given a new and welcome turn to the Italian campaign. It may prove to be of a decisive nature. But this, of course, depends on the objectives the Allies have in view. If they mean to stop at Rome, smashing all the German forces in the south and containing those in the north, as some observers believe, then the prospects appear promising. Early success is not necessarily assured, and we must follow the example of the spokesman at Allied Headquarters. They have not shown any undue optimism, nor an inclination to show their hand in advance.

There is every indication, however, that the Germans were surprised by the landing. Only a few days before General Deitmar had told the German people in one of his broadcasts that every precaution had been taken to deal

nize the new government of Bolivia, which has the backing of the Argentine Government against the majority of the other South American governments, was solely responsible for this change of heart. There must be some other purpose behind this very interesting diplomatic event. Internal affairs in the Argentine have been rather confused from the point of view of outside observers for many months. There has been the restriction on political parties as well as on the liberty of the Press, and other indications that the present Argentine Government had not much belief in democratic rule. If the diplomatic break with Germany can be regarded as a concession to popular opinion in Argentina, then we might expect other developments. But I doubt whether it is a concession to democratic pressure.

The Argentine Government is in a strong position. The food supplies of Argentina are



Canadian Admiral for London

One of Canada's most distinguished naval men is Admiral Percy Nelles, who has been appointed to London as Senior Flag Officer. He previously held the post of Chief of the Canadian Naval Staff



Members of the Line-Shooters Club Hold Their Second Luncheon in London

W/O. R. W. Green, formerly a prisoner, and S/Ldr. Learoyd, V.C., were there. Members of the Line-Shooters Club, when off duty, visit factories "shooting a line" about their work, and seeing aircraft of different types in the making

with any fresh landing on the Italian coast. If there was a German plan to deal with the Nettuno landing, there has been little sign of it so far. In any case, the most favourable moment for the Germans to have struck must have been before the Allied troops were able to widen and strengthen their new bridgehead. There is bound to be some very hard fighting in the near future, for the Germans cannot afford the Allies to reach Rome without a big battle. But in expressing the need for caution I must add that I am convinced that General Alexander and General Mark Clark, and the men under them, are equal to anything the Germans may do in their present plight.

Reaction

THE Argentine Government has at last broken off diplomatic relations with the Axis Powers, and this has naturally caused some relief and even rejoicing in Washington, followed by more sober reactions in London. It is difficult to believe that the refusal of the American and British Governments to recog-



Air Marshal Sir Arthur Barratt, Line-Shooter No. 1, spoke at the lunch. Sitting next to him was G/Capt. Lord Willoughby de Broke. Air Marshal Barratt is A.O.C.-in-C. Technical Training Command

valuable to Britain and gradually the financial position of the Argentine is strengthening. She is liquidating foreign holdings in the principal utilities at a rapid rate and is also creating favourable balances in London. Probably the Argentine Government visualizes a stronger position as a non-belligerent on bowing terms first with one side and then with the other. She has certainly given much latitude to Axis agents since the war started and if the break is complete it is a blow to Germany, if nothing else.

Diversion

IT will be some time before we can get a proper picture of the situation at the southern extremity of the Russian front where important, if not decisive, battles are being fought. The Russian propaganda, however, has steadily focused world attention on the northern battles around Leningrad which are undoubtedly of a fierce character. But these cannot be anything more but diversionary tactics. In other words, Marshal Stalin is endeavouring



Sir Frederick Handley Page, managing director of Handley Page, Ltd., enjoyed a joke with his neighbour, Air Marshal Sir Richard Peck, Assistant Chief of Staff (General), at the Line-Shooters lunch

to distract the attention of the German High Command from the situation in the south by exerting heavy pressure in the north. There is every need for Marshal Stalin to do this, for the Germans are trying their utmost to hold up the Russian armies in their attempt to break through into the Balkans. If the Germans are successful in stopping the Russian advance for another six weeks, the thaw will give the Germans the breathing space they so badly want, and prevent a Russian advance for a long time.

Vision

VISCOUNT HALIFAX has delivered himself of one of those orations of statesmanship at Toronto for which he is so ably fitted. He has the appearance, dignity of manner, and a grave but not over-polished style of speaking which can be compelling. His theme was the future of the British Commonwealth, and in the course of his speech he urged the necessity for a common foreign policy and a common defensive programme among all nations of the



The Supreme Allied Commander, His Secretary and His Chauffeur

Private secretary to General Eisenhower is Capt. Mattie A. Pinette, W.A.C. She contributes largely to the smooth working of his working day, and can write shorthand at the rate of two hundred words a minute.



Gen. Eisenhower has now assumed his command in Britain. His full title is Supreme Allied Commander of the British and United States Expeditionary Forces, organized in the United Kingdom for the liberation of Europe.

Miss Kay Summersby, who is chauffeur to the Supreme Commander, is a British subject, and was born in Ireland. She has been with General Eisenhower in North Africa, Sicily and Italy.

Empire in the future. He seemed to indicate that in his opinion this will be one of the main reasons in justification of Great Britain taking her place beside Soviet Russia, the United States and China, and thus claiming to be one of the four Great Powers. Apparently Lord Halifax was not speaking to a War Cabinet brief—it must be remembered that he is a member of the War Cabinet—but was merely exercising his right to think aloud.

After his speech, which has naturally caused a lot of comment in the Dominions as well as in the United States, Lord Halifax said in his usual and disarming way: "It's just an idea I have, and I want you people to think about it. All I know is that a problem exists—I don't know the solution." One possible solution proposed by Lord Halifax himself, and for which arrangements have already been

made, is a meeting of all the Prime Ministers of the Empire in London. It will be for them to decide, not all at once, how all the Governments of the Commonwealth can work together after the war.

Warning

THE decision of Mrs. Corbett Ashby to stand as an Independent Candidate in the Bury St. Edmunds by-election should be regarded as a serious portent to those who have hitherto held the belief that the present coalition is blessed among all past and future governments. She is Vice-President of the Liberal Party, and Chairman of the Women's Liberal Federation. Her action must cause great embarrassment to the Liberal Party, and particularly to Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Liberal Leader, who is Secretary of State for Air.

At sixty-one Mrs. Corbett Ashby thinks that she must give emphasis to the growing opposition to the continuance of the electoral truce. If our leaders are wise they will heed the emphasis of her action and consider the position. If they don't, the situation will become more embarrassing.

Success

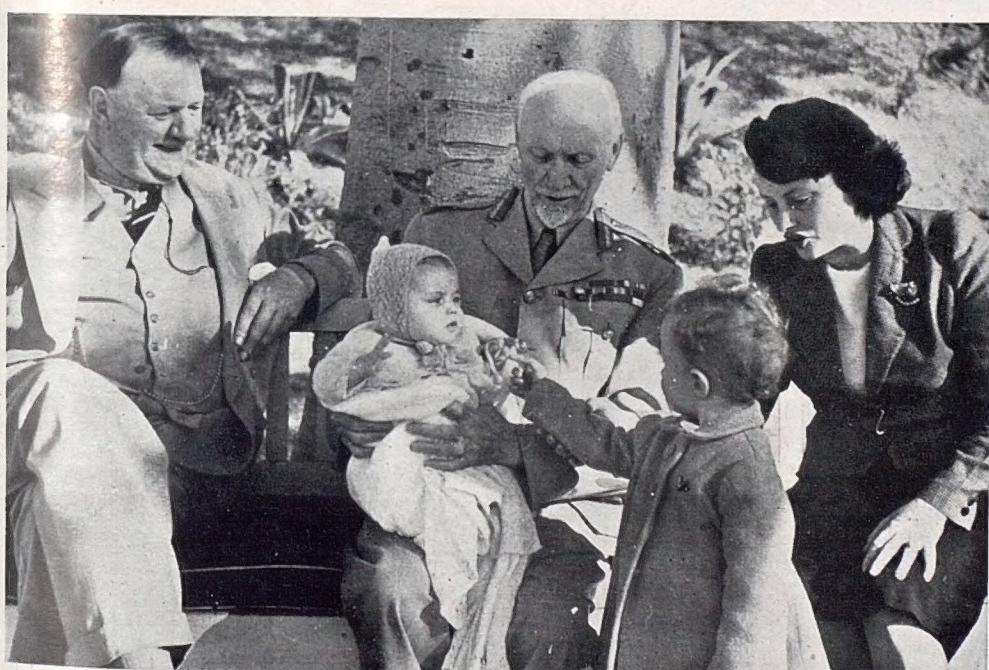
THE Ripon by-election which saw the complete defeat of the Conservatives against an overwhelming Left-Wing vote, and resulted in the election of a Commonwealth candidate was a danger signal. The Commonwealth Party will certainly try to give Mrs. Corbett Ashby all the help they can. It is not certain that she will accept it. She wants to emphasize the necessity for ending the electoral truce, and not necessarily to assist the rise of Sir Richard Acland's party. Liberals—Sir Richard was once a Liberal—are notoriously unable to unite. The finest shades of differences disunite them, which is a pity. Mrs. Corbett Ashby is striking a blow for the Liberal Party. Sir Richard Acland is intent on creating his own party. He wants power. His early successes have justified his abounding self-confidence.

Mrs. Corbett Ashby's fight in Bury St. Edmunds will probably be the most conclusive test of the political situation, for it is a Conservative seat and the party organization should be up to date. If the combination of Mrs. Corbett Ashby and the Commonwealth Party organization can successfully overcome the Conservative advantage, then the Central Office will have need to worry.

Misunderstanding

APPARENTLY a lot of people have misunderstood my paragraph about the Royal Air Force being grounded "by tradition" on Christmas Day, for which I am very sorry.

Some of my readers have even gone so far as to read into it a suggestion that I meant that the Navy were left alone to handle the Scharnhorst. This is, of course, ridiculous, and not being true was not intended to be conveyed by me. The fact is that the Royal Air Force was not sent over Germany on a bombing mission on Christmas Day, which being repeated on the fifth Christmas Day of the war was something of a "tradition." Nothing more was meant than this.



General Smuts Meets Old Friends in Cairo

While staying at the British Embassy in Cairo with Lord Killearn, British Ambassador in Egypt, and Lady Killearn, General Smuts was entertained by his godson, little Victor Lampson, and his baby sister, Jacquette. Last August Lord and Lady Killearn and their two children went to South Africa as the guests of General Smuts.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Concerning Twaddle

By James Agate

SOMEBODY asking Charles the Second if he could explain why a particularly foolish preacher should be so popular with his audience, that most sensible of monarchs replied: "I suppose his nonsense suits their nonsense." Did I call Charles II our most sensible ruler? Yes, for I suppose his notion of a sensible way of living was very much the same as mine.

APPPLICATION of the Merry Monarch's method of reasoning would make the way of the film critic a good deal easier. Nine-tenths of films are twaddle, and it is no use pretending they are not. The point is whether the film producer's kind of twaddle agrees with the critic's kind of twaddle.

IHAVE been prompted to the foregoing by this week's two films, both twaddlesome to the *nth* degree. I liked one almost as much as I disliked the other, except that that would not have been possible. Here, again, a deep philosophical truth is involved, a truth first enunciated by the late Allan Monkhouse. This is that it is not so good to win as it is bad to lose—a principle which prevails on the battle field as well as at the bridge table. The golfer who has won his match on the last green has forgotten all about it before he has reached the club-house; the man who has lost is still rankling while trying to say in his ordinary voice: "That's enough soda, thank you." Applying all this to the cinema, I would say that it is not possible to like a good film as much as one dislikes a bad film. In other words, one's admiration for one's own twaddle is never on the level with one's contempt for the other fellow's twaddle. To cut the cackle, I liked *Johnny Vagabond* (London Pavilion) very much indeed; though not so much as I hated *Thousands Cheer* (Empire). All the same I am perfectly prepared to believe that the contrary view is possible.

MANY years ago I remember a theatre party at Rules where the guests were John van Druten, Auriol Lee, Komisarjevsky, Peggy Ashcroft, Nelson Keys, Maurice Evans and an actress whose name I always forget but who plays frumps in Sunday evening shows. Van Druten sprang the new theory that the business of the playwright is to mirror the novel, whereupon Auriol said: "Hush, darling!" Van Druten, ostensibly modelling *Johnny Vagabond* on a story by Louis Bromfield, has modified his old theory so that it is now the business of the screen to mirror the novel. And, of course, the novel of Charles Dickens, to whose worst work the best of Mr. van Druten's so closely approximates.

CONSIDER the lay-out, as outrageously sentimental as it is infeasible. In some one-horse American town back in 1906 one Vinnie McLeod, the elderly widow of the proprietor of a newspaper called the *Star and Banner*, still carries on with the aid of a staff of five, although she has to keep the paper going by pawning her drawing-room candlesticks! On which, with the usual Dickens touch, Ikey Moses Cheeryble advances more than they would fetch if sold outright. Because Vinnie once met Dickens, and because she finds a tramp reading "Pickwick," she must needs engage the young fellow, who hasn't had a wash for

weeks, to remodel her newspaper and launch an attack against the forces of vice and graft, represented by the figure of Dougherty, the owner of the rival and prosperous newspaper.

NOW it seems that this one-horse town runs to a brothel, and a pretty good brothel if, as Damon Runyon would say, you care for brothels. And there is a wonderful picture of Gashouse Mary (Marjorie Main—a superb performance), who is not in the least like Miss Missouri Martin, the proprietress of the Sixteen Hundred Club. It was Miss Missouri Martin who told Miss Billy Perry that if a guy loves a doll he will prove it with diamonds. "Miss Missouri Martin has many diamonds herself, though how any guy can ever get himself heated up enough about Miss Missouri Martin to give her diamonds is more than I can see." It was Miss Martin who put the blast on Miss Perry "for chasing a two-handed spender such as Dave the Dude out of the joint." Gashouse Mary would not have chased anybody out of her joint except maybe a guy who wanted to get fresh with the girls. How this kind of establishment can pay its way and remain entirely respectable is one of those mysteries which ever-proper Hollywood has not deigned to solve.

WELL, there is your plot nicely started. After this there is a little mild gangsterism, with a good fight on the back seat of a buggy drawn by a pair of horses running away for no reason. Which brings me to the *pièce de résistance*. This is one of those torchlight processions with stuffed figures dangling from gibbets, placards and bands, which every one-horse American town seems to be able to organize at a minute's notice, though it must take Hollywood several weeks. In the end vice is defeated, Vinnie's newspaper is left in possession of the field, and there is a scene between the tramp and his patroness which is horribly reminiscent of Barrie in his drooling *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals* vein. In the end the tramp, who is none other than James Cagney, whispers to Vinnie (Grace George) that she is his girl and can look forward to occasional visits. After which the tears gather in Vinnie's eyes, now grown to the size of blackcurrant tarts. And the unseen band resumes Balfe's "When Other Lips and Other Hearts" with which it has been sickening us all the morning, and the curtains come slowly together. After the press view there was a moment's silence, followed by a noise which was either that of American soldiers overcome

by emotion or highbrow critics overtaken by nausea. For myself, I left the theatre happily poised between the two.

ABOUT the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture I find it difficult to say anything except that its twaddle is not my kind of twaddle. It seems to suffer from Hollywood's old delusion that the war, whether against Germany or Japan, exists merely for the purpose of enabling young American huskies to put on uniform and act as chorus to some crooning nitwit. The present film consists of alternate slabs of patriotism and necking, both in Technicolor. I am indebted to Synopsis for the story which begins as follows:—

Kathryn Jones gives up a concert career to keep house at an Army camp for her father, the colonel, who has been separated for thirteen years from her mother. Kathryn hopes that, through her father, she can re-unite her estranged parents. At the station where she entrains for the Army camp, every one is saying good-bye to someone—all except a lonely soldier (Eddie Marsh). He thinks he should kiss someone, since it seems to be a local custom, so he kisses Miss Jones! Later, at camp, he learns he has kissed the colonel's daughter! They don't get on so well because she is quite independent, whereas he is egotistical and dictatorial. He decides, to ease his inner pain, to join the air corps. Friends suggest he might accomplish this by getting "in good" with the colonel. To this, he adds his own touch: he becomes extremely nice to Kathryn; she'll help him, he thinks. This contact has repercussions—they fall in love.

AND then it turns out that the soldier is a trapeze artist. Wherefore the young man breaks camp, rejoins his troupe, gives an aerial performance for the benefit of Miss Jones. He is court-martialled and in the words of Synopsis "The colonel comes in with the news that he and his outfit have been ordered overseas. Every one is kissing someone again, on the station platform. It's all right, this time, for Eddie."

WELL, if that's the sort of twaddle you like, you'll like this very much. *Thousands Cheer* has twenty-three stars and three bands. And it is compèred by Mickey Rooney whose performance, as an actor, is steadily getting worse and worse.



5. Claudin drugs Biancarolli (Jane Farrar), star of the opera, so that Christine may take her place



1. Musician Cladin (Claude Rains) is dismissed from the Paris Opera House orchestra. It is a serious blow, for he is financing the voice production of a young singer



2. The young singer, Christine (Susanna Foster) is loved by Anatole (Nelson Eddy), leading baritone of the opera



3. Cladin, desperate for money, offers his life's work, a piano concerto, for sale. Mad with distrust, he murders the publisher and is himself terribly injured when a dish of acid is thrown in his face

"Phantom Of The Opera"

Nelson Eddy And Claude Rains
In A Technicolor Thriller

The premiere performance of *Phantom of the Opera* at the Odeon, Leicester Square, tomorrow night, is to benefit Mrs. Churchill's Y.W.C.A. Wartime Fund. As President of the Fund, Mrs. Churchill is hoping to raise a minimum of £275,000 during the coming year. Last year contributions amounted to more than £200,000, but expenses are mounting as our lines of communication and supplies spread overseas and funds are urgently needed to enable the Association to extend its valuable work amongst women serving with the Forces. The film mixes murder with music. It is directed by Arthur Lubin and based upon Gaston Leroux's composition, "Phantom of the Opera."



4. Cladin is a fugitive from justice. He haunts the Opera House and starts there a reign of terror



6. He murders a policeman placed on guard by Raoul (Edgar Barrier) of the Paris Sûreté



7. Finally, he forces Christine to accompany him to his hide-out. She is saved from death by the intervention of Raoul and Anatole

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Strike A New Note (Prince of Wales)

THE nicest thing about this vociferous show is that the new note it strikes is so agreeably old. Hardly as old as the hills, perhaps, though possibly prehistoric, and certainly no later than the golden age of buffoonery. It is struck by Mr. Sid Field, the leading comedian, with a brilliance that makes the welkin ring.

Nine months ago, when the show itself was new to us, Mr. Field was a newcomer to the West End footlights. Not that he was a stranger to those of more northern latitudes. Such gifts as his are not fortuitous. They do not flower (though they may become locally famous) in a night. His London success was no fluke. He came to us a seasoned, first-rate comedian, and his réclame now matches that of our established top-liners.

His gifts are as personal as pronounced, and owe little to fickle fashion. For instance, he does not croon. His first imperative gesture as he smiles ingratiatingly at us over the footlights, is Cromwellian, and is directed at the complacent microphone that dominates the fairway, as who should say: "Take away that bauble!" He does not sing—much, and such dancing as he absurdly concedes is symbolical rather than slick. His patter is confidential but clean, and his make-up is not a formal disguise, but nature just lightly adorned. His bright loquacious eye and expressive smile would disarm misanthropy itself.

He specializes in caricature, and presents a kind of rogues' gallery of more or less artful

dodgers—not cads, but convivial bounders—who range in type from a coster dandy in full cheap-tailored regalia to a golfing tyro fearlessly plus-foured, and less able than willing to fathom the mysteries of the links.

THE first exhibit is a gem, a Cockney with ambitions to shine in vaudeville. This dressy dude from the Elephant is more accustomed to telling the tale than delivering the goods. Padded-shouldered, hobble-overcoated, and leering amiably under his rakish felt hat, he parades the footlights with a cock-of-the-walk self-confidence and the specious bravado of the bully who may bluster, but would not hurt a fly. And as he bluffs his way through that trial audition, a relentless heckler in the upper circle of the auditorium stings like a gadfly and prompts tu quoques that vindicate Mr. Field's nice mastery of Cockney argot and his professional skill.

His second exhibit is an unctuous virtuoso with a highbrow veneer and ingrowing accent, whose instrument is a nightmare xylophone even more treacherous than the technique it frustrates. Another heckler, promoted this time to a box, pursues the interruptive vendetta with disastrous success. There follow, at intervals in the general programme, Mr. Field's virile impression of an American looteran, implementing instructions from his C.O. concerning the improvement of inter-Allied Service relations; his strayed West End reveller who gives us the festive works in faultless evening dress, and his egregious tyro golfer who takes



Sid Field gives his audience an idea of how he intends to celebrate the declaration of peace

his pleasures sadly, misconstrues each technical tip from his coach as a personal affront, and would rather pick wild flowers, or lie down and cry, than take his stance and drive.

This last is perhaps the broadest of the five delightful caricatures, though its comparative knockabout has a vein of true comedy gold.

Mr. Field has raised the flinch to a fine art, and gives exasperation the power of frenzy. His resilience is childlike in its spontaneous bounce. None of his turns is a second too long, and the quality of all is excellent. He is abetted by just the right stooges. Mr. Jerry Desmonde, who pilots him through the two auditions, the vaudeville and the golfing, is a staunch confederate, and Mr. Alec Pleon's punctuating hiccup, with its "Taxi!" recoil, brings the post-war West End nocturne poignantly up to date.

THE show itself, you may remember, is high-tensioned and hot-rhythmed. Produced with resourceful cunning by Mr. Robert Nesbitt, it displays the zest with which our own rising generation can emulate the pep of American vaudeville. The soloists have the correct microphone mannerisms, husky virility and rasping grace-notes, the frenetic steps and gestures of the hotter school of swing; and the concerted numbers are well assembled and vigorously sung.

Both the rising and setting generations, whether Service or civilian, should find nothing to excite prejudice, but much to delight, in the brilliant buffoonery of Mr. Field, which is not that of an age but of all time. He is an artist and a comedian.

Sketches by Tom Titt



As a musical prodigy, Sid Field has much style but little skill. "What would you like?" he asks his audience



At golf he proves even less adept. He finds Jerry Desmonde's instructions confusing. "Address the ball?" he queries wearily. "What a performance!"

One Thing and Another

Pictures From Here and There



Miss Diana Barnato at the Controls

The twenty-one-year-old daughter of W/Cdr. Woolf Barnato is a member of the Air Transport Auxiliary, and holds the rank of Second Officer. She made her first solo flight at the age of nineteen, and is now an accomplished pilot. Her mother is an American, and she has a sister, Mrs. Virginia Lowry, who lives in Los Angeles.



Getting Ready to Broadcast

The opening by Brig. A. L. W. Newth (left), Director of Welfare, of the first of a chain of British Forces radio stations, took place recently in Algiers. Leslie Henson, Decima Knight and Tommy Trinder took part in the subsequent broadcast, and looked as if they were enjoying the prospect.



Miss Anna Zinkeisen, Artist, and Her Picture

A portrait of a Russian peasant woman by Miss Anna Zinkeisen, presented by Mrs. Winston Churchill, is being auctioned at a ball to be held in aid of Mrs. Churchill's Aid to Russia Fund. Miss Zinkeisen, a lady ambulance officer in St. John Ambulance, nurses at St. Thomas's Hospital, besides doing pathological and clinical drawings for surgeons.



Arthur Askey and the Admiral

Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, C.-in-C. the Home Fleet, went to a performance of "The Love Racket," at the Victoria Palace, afterwards visiting Arthur Askey in his dressing-room. They had previously met when Askey lunched on board H.M.S. Duke of York after giving a performance in the Orkneys.

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Yugoslav Exhibition

HERE was almost a peacetime private view-day atmosphere about Burlington House at the opening of the Yugoslav Exhibition the other day by Queen Marie of Yugoslavia, and among the guests who accepted invitations from the British Council were many well-known, familiar faces. Queen Marie was wearing the dark-blue uniform of the Yugoslav Red Cross, and brought with her her younger sons, Prince Tomislav and Prince Andrei. Prince Tomislav was wearing naval uniform, his first appearance

of Doctor of Laws, conferred on her at St. Andrew's University in 1933. Her son, the present Earl, is Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, but at present he is engaged on other duties—he is on active service with his regiment, The Black Watch.

The Brazilian Ambassador

SENHOR JOSE DE ARAGAO, the Brazilian Ambassador, and Her Excellency his wife are rapidly becoming two very popular members of the Corps Diplomatique at St. James's.



Pearl Freeman



Harlip

Two Engagements Announced in January

Miss Mary Antoinette Moller, youngest daughter of Lt.-Col. A. A. Moller, M.C., Grenadier Guards, and Mrs. Moller, is engaged to F/Lt. Brian H. Julian, R.A.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Julian, of New South Wales

Lady Margaret Dorothea Boyle, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow, is to marry Capt. Oliver Payan Dawnay, Coldstream Guards, son of Major-Gen. Guy P. Dawnay, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., M.V.O., and Mrs. Dawnay

as a midshipman of the Royal Yugoslav Navy, to which his brother, King Peter, had appointed him on his sixteenth birthday a few days before. The royal party, which also included Princess Alexandra and Princess Aspasia, were received by Mr. E. Vincent Harris, deputy-president of the Royal Academy; Sir Walter Lamb, secretary; the Yugoslav Ambassador, and Sir Malcolm Robertson, M.P., chairman of the British Council.

At the Academy

ONE regular visitor to the Academy in the old days whom I have not seen about town for many a long day was the Dowager Countess of Airlie, who is still Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty Queen Mary. Looking remarkably well, Lady Airlie wore a close-fitting coat of Paisley with a small collar of beaver fur. A good many of her fellow-guests did not recognise her at first glimpse, for instead of the familiar Gainsborough hat which she almost invariably wore in the old days, when she was so frequently to be seen in attendance on Queen Mary, she wore a small, fur-edged, brimless toque. The Countess is no mean judge of the artistic, and her advice and counsel were frequently sought by Queen Mary in the days when Her Majesty was actively engaged in forming her collection of objets d'art and paintings. Rare among ladies of the Court, Lady Airlie holds the degree

They have been entertained both privately and at semi-official functions quite a lot in the past few weeks. At the Overseas League luncheon they were guests of honour, together with members of the Embassy staff and the officers of the Brazilian Air Force Mission, which is at present in this country studying the training and fighting methods and tactics of our Air Force. Senhor Aragao has an excellent command of English. He speaks in a firm, clear voice and with impressive dignity. Quite rightly, he laid great stress on the important, but perhaps little realised, part which Brazil is now playing as an active warrior member of the United Nations, and gave some striking figures of the destruction of enemy submarines by his countrymen at sea, and of their preparations for, and hopes of, further successes. His Excellency is a connoisseur of good food and wine. He carries his own fat and fragrant cigars with him—a wise measure in wartime London.

All-Colour Film

IT is hoped that the Duchess of Kent will attend the showing of Miss Rosie Newman's all-colour film, *The France I Knew*, which is to take place at the Dorchester on February 15th, and will have a second showing there on February 24th, which has been arranged to meet the demand for tickets. The Hon. Mrs. Philip Henderson is arranging the first presentation.



Mrs. John Whitcombe

A recent bride, painted by Olive Snell, is the wife of Capt. John D. H. Whitcombe, H.L.I. She is a daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Geoffrey Sherston, and is serving in the W.R.N.S. in Scotland

which is in aid of Comforts for French Airmen and their families. The film opens with a record of life as it was in pre-war France, and ends, as Miss Newman saw it, in April 1940, only a few weeks before its collapse. In order to take the film, Miss Newman had to overcome many obstacles. Weeks of work were necessary to get the essential permits. She had to get these both from the Air Ministry and from the French authorities. Finally she ended up, she thinks, with many more permits than any other unofficial photographer.

Already Miss Newman, who is the sister of Sir Cecil Newman and of Mrs. Robert Grimston, wife of the Assistant Postmaster-General, has raised over £11,000 for the Red Cross and various other charities by the exhibition of her films on India, Egypt and Scotland, and of one which she called *Britain at War*.



Naval Wedding in London

Lt. H. E. G. Atkins, R.N., son of the late Capt. E. D. Atkins, and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Wellington College, Berks, married Miss Margaret Spencer-Nairn, daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Spencer-Nairn, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Lord and Lady Bury's Daughter is Christened

Viscount and Viscountess Bury's second daughter was christened Rose Deidre Margaret by the Bishop of Shrewsbury at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is seen here with her parents and one of her godmothers, Lady Margaret Stewart, eldest sister of Lady Bury



At the Three Hundred Party in London

The Three Hundred Party, the third of its kind, was held recently in aid of Paddington Tuberculosis Dispensary, and Lady Victor Paget (left) received the guests. With her above are Rear-Admiral Sir Basil Brooke, G.C.V.O., Miss Virginia Keiley and Lady Brooke

Christening

LADY BURY'S baby daughter, the Hon. Rose Deidre Margaret Keppel, behaved with the greatest decorum at her christening at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She was fast asleep when she arrived in her nurse's arms and only woke when the Bishop of Shrewsbury was rather lavish in the use of the water, and then she just smiled. It was the first outing in the six weeks of her life, but she went through the entire ceremony with great calm and looked very sweet in her lace bonnet, with its loops of pink ribbon, and her lovely dress of Brussels lace and lace-trimmed family cloak of heavy white satin. Lord Londonderry was kept at the House of Lords, but was able to get away in time to join the tea-party at Londonderry House which followed. The godparents were Colonel the Hon. George Keppel, Lt.-Col.

David McKenna, Lady Margaret Stewart, Lady Elizabeth Matheson, Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower and Mr. Henry Channon, M.P., but only the last three were able to be present in person. Quite a number of Lady Bury's Women Legion friends were there, and I saw also Lady Chaplin (who is down from Brae and living at 23, Chelsea Square), the Hon. Mrs. Richard Hoare, Lady Albemarle, Lady Cynthia Keppel, Mrs. Corrigan and the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel.

Personality Parade

SCHOOL holidays have come to an end, and after all the fun of Christmas it is a sad parting for both the children and their parents. At a London station I saw Miss Jane Leader saying good-bye to her young brother and cousin, who were returning to their prep. school.

They are the niece and nephews of Mr. Jack Jarvis, the trainer of many famous winners, including Lord Rosebery's Blue Peter and his unlucky little mare Ribbon, who so nearly won last year's St. Leger. Miss Leader announced her engagement to Mr. Philip Liddel last December. Another racing enthusiast hurrying along a crowded platform that day was Major Jack Dennis, of the Life Guards, who in pre-war days was a very keen and successful amateur. He still has a few horses in training, though his military duties seldom permit him time to see them run. Also at the station was Steve Donoghue, winner of six Derbys and now a successful trainer. He was discussing racing with Mrs. Bennet, one of his patrons and the owner of several good winners. Also in London were the Fulke Walwyns, whose

(Concluded on page 152)



One London Wedding and Two Which Took Place Recently in the Country

Cdr. St. John Tyrwhitt, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., only son of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Reginald and Lady Tyrwhitt, married Miss Nancy Veronica Gilbey, only child of Capt. and Mrs. Charles N. Gilbey, at Brompton Oratory

Capt. Prince Paul Lieven, M.C., Royal Canadian Artillery, son of the late Prince and Princess Anatol Lieven of Russia, married Mrs. Margot Calvert, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Homer-Dixon, at Little Missenden Church

Capt. Walter Scott, 1st The Royal Dragoons, only son of Major Sir Walter Scott, Bt., and Lady Scott, married Miss Diana Mary Owen, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Owen, at Holy Trinity, Coleman's Hatch, Sussex



Escaped from Italy: Lt.-Gen. Philip Neame, V.C., at Home

Taking advantage of the confusion caused by the Italian capitulation, Lt.-Gen. Philip Neame, with two other British officers, Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard O'Connor and Air Marshal O. T. Boyd, made his escape from a prison camp in Italy. Gen. Neame, who won the V.C. at Neuve Chapelle in 1915, was captured with Gen. O'Connor in April 1941, and they were taken to the same prison camp. Details of their escape must remain a secret for the present. Gen. Neame and his wife are seen above at home near Faversham

Husbands and Wives



Now Deputy Supreme Commander under Gen. Eisenhower, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder returned recently to Britain from the Middle East, where he had been since February 1943, as Air Commander in the Mediterranean. With him was his wife. Lady Tedder, a daughter of the late Sir Bruce Seton, was formerly Mrs. Marie Black, and married the Air Chief Marshal as his second wife last October

Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur and Lady Tedder Arrive in England



Bertram Park

Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford and Lady Leigh-Mallory

Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory and his wife were photographed at their home near Stanmore. Air Chief Marshal Leigh-Mallory, previously A.O.C.-in-C. Fighter Command, was appointed Allied Air Commander-in-Chief in December, and under Gen. Eisenhower will be in command of all the British and American air strength to be used in invasion. Lady Leigh-Mallory, daughter of the late Edmund Stratton Sawyer, works for the Red Cross in London. They have one son and a daughter, who is an officer in the W.A.A.F.

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WHY George Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue has been officially requisitioned for broadcasting to the German troops we wouldn't know, but it's a curious Boche choice, don't you think?

Some years ago, when the Rhapsody was in full blast, all the New York ship interviewers made it Question No. 2 for visiting notables, immediately following "What do you think of Our Skyline?" Asked by mistake and feeling terrible, we said "The Rhapsody is the Very Spirit of Modern New York," and the reporter burst out crying and said "Hell, can't you think of something else? Hugh Walpole pulled that one again last week," and we said "If it's good enough for us and Hugh Walpole it's good enough for Hearst and you," and the reporter dried his eyes and said "Is that real Scotch over there?" and we said "Yes," and the matter dropped. Meeting Gershwin in due course, we mentioned our interpretation and Gershwin said thoughtfully "Yes, that's certainly a swell idea," and we said "Has anyone thought of it before?" and Gershwin said "Not a soul except the people of America, the American metropolitan and provincial Press, including the Paris Edition of the *New York Herald*, and 57 successive boatloads of visiting British lecturers," so we felt we were right about it.

Our conclusion was, and is, that they were all feeling terrible, and we put it down to the pickled peaches. As to the German requisitioning, the Boche probably thinks the Rhapsody will take the troops' minds off the wrecking of Berlin, being, so to speak, the Very Spirit—oh, we find we said it before.

Mirage

DROPPING the ever-ready tear over the news that the best-advertised shop in the Anglo-Saxon world—Pollock's, 73, Hoxton Street, London, N. 1—has closed at last, the Fleet Street boys, quoting Robert Louis Stevenson's flaming boost in *Penny Plain*, observed accurately that the modern child, alas, can't be bothered with Mr. Pollock's toy theatres, and especially with the cutting-out and manipulating of the brilliantly-coloured sheets of scenery and characters pertaining to such melodramas as *Sixteen-String Jack* and *Wreck Ashore*.

If the boys had looked up Stevenson more carefully they'd have found him admitting frankly that after two days the thrill vanished even for him, and that he was apt

to duck "the tedium, the worry, and the long-drawn disenchantment of an actual performance." This was our own infant experience with toy theatres long after Stevenson, and no psychological ass will be surprised to learn that for us this inhibition has carried over to the real thing. We love the theatre, the glitter and gilding and plush, the fat baroque Cupids, the mirrors and fiddles and footlights. What ruins the enchantment is the curtain going up to reveal a lot of little actresses, worked by (apparently) strings, dancing and making faces. Our old mentor James ("Boss") Agate will probably agree that the Ideal Theatre would have no performances at all. Is that not so, Master? Eh? Oh, sorry. Our mistake. All right Sir. All right, all right, all right.



MAURICE MCLOUGHLIN.

"—it's all right; it's one of ours"

Serf

BOOKSY circles are shrilly discussing the extraordinary act of a London daily which suddenly started boosting its own book critic the other day in a special "display" ad. about six inches square.

Book critics themselves are simply dazed, we gather. The lowest, obscurest caste of newspaper serfs, spurned even by the lift-boy, parked and forgotten in shabby little hutsches on the fifth or sixth floor, often denied even the spottiest, dumbest girl secretary, they are the Untouchables of Fleet Street. Naturally they are never admitted to the Presence, which is unaware of their existence except for some unhappy chance meeting. Then there is merry hell.

"Rackstraw."

"Yes, my lord?"

"As I came down the passage just now I saw a kind of spectacled rat gibbering at me—what was it?"

"Er—the book critic, my lord."

"Have it fired at once."

"Yes, my lord."

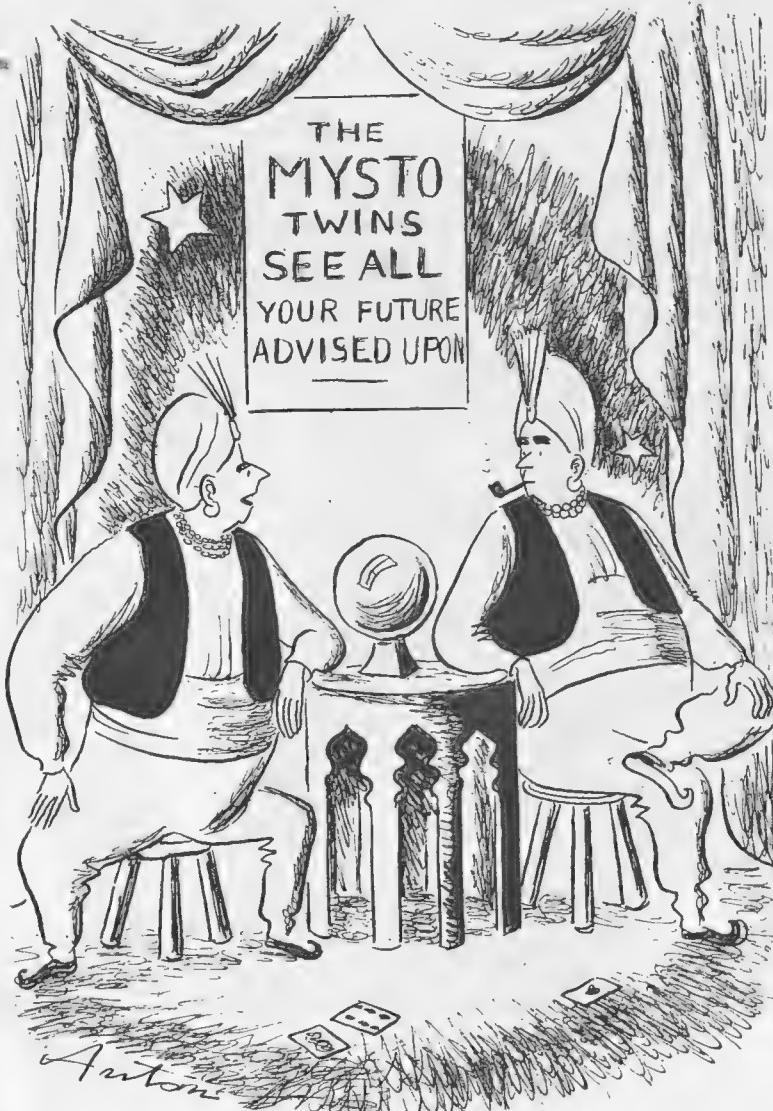
"Book critic! Book critic! What the hell is a book critic doing in my office?"

"Er—reviewing books, my lord."

"Do we review books?"

"Yes, my lord, now and again."

"Why the hell, Rackstraw, am I not told these things?"



"I've never mentioned it before Leslie—but quite frankly I can see no future in this"

In the end somebody else is fired and the Book Critic scuttles back to his hole, terrified. For however many publishers' ads. he may pull in by madly boosting their produce, the Ads. Manager scoops all the credit. Therefore when a paper starts actually boosting this type of outcast it looks pretty sinister and scaring, and it wouldn't surprise us if all the book critics in Fleet Street cut their throats quite soon.

(Concluded on page 142)



The marriage of Lt.-Col. David E. Doddridge, U.S. Army, of Utica, New York, and Miss Eleanor Rose Shaw, of San Francisco, California, took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The bride is a niece of Sir Hugo and Lady Cunliffe-Owen, of Sunningdale Park, Berks., and has lived with them for seven years. Sir Hugo gave Miss Shaw away, and his son, Lt. Dudley Cunliffe-Owen, was best man at the wedding. Above are the bride and groom at the reception.

An American Wedding in London

Lt.-Colonel Doddridge and Miss E. R. Shaw
Married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Photographs by Swaebe



Lady Weigall was a guest at the wedding and was photographed at the reception with Mrs. Philip Hill, who came in uniform. Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall live at Englemere, Ascot.



Sir Hugo and Lady Cunliffe-Owen received the guests at the wedding reception, which was held at the Dorchester Hotel.



The bridesmaids were Miss Diana and Miss Philipa Cunliffe-Owen, and the two ushers Capt. V. S. Pitney and Capt. R. A. Fontaine.



Sir Archibald Weigall and Mr. Philip Hill were at the reception. Both wore carnations in their buttonholes.



Lt. Dudley Cunliffe-Owen, R.N., the best man, with Miss Blair Drummond.

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Brawl

M R. JORROCKS's comment on this notice in a Kentish weekly paper would be interesting:

NATIONAL FARMERS' UNION KENT COUNTY BRANCH

A FOX SHOOT
organised by Goudhurst and adjoining parishes
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
WED., JAN. 26, 1944
at 9 a.m. sharp.

Every gun and beater will be urgently wanted. No dogs allowed.

Being the second historic Battle of Goudhurst, unless we err. The first took place temp. George II between the villagers, organised and led by an ex-soldier named Sturt, and a gang of mounted smugglers who had been terrorising the countryside, specialising in rape, torture, and plunder. Stripped to their shirts, with red handkerchiefs round their heads, yelling and flourishing carbines, pistols, cutlasses, and hangers, a hundred-odd smugglers swept down on the village one day in 1747 and found the men of Goudhurst grimly barricaded and waiting for them with muskets. After the smugglers' chief, a Mr. Kingsmill, had promised in odious language to roast the hearts of four leading local hayseeds for supper, a bitter engagement took place. The smugglers were routed and the survivors hanged. So sleepy, charming Goudhurst on its hill can raise an eyebrow at (a) any Western film-epic and (b) the Home Guard, and maybe does.

Footnote

IT may have struck you when I in Kent or Sussex that the direct descendants of those bloody-minded ruffians the 18th-century smugglers have very woozy, pacific, mild, and innocent rural pans indeed. Try fitting them, as we often do, with an imaginary pigtail, head-kerchief and earrings apiece, and see the rape and plunder in those cunning eyes.

Warlock

ONE of the private secretaries at the Ministry of Pensions is a conjurer and a member of the Magicians' Circle, a gossip reports. It helps him with his homework, no doubt.

The last native magician to mix in State affairs was probably Dr. John Dee, Elizabeth Tudor's Welch necromancer, who charmed away the royal hag's tooth-trouble by art-magic, among more disturbing feats. Like many Renaissance experts, Dee was drawn across the borderline between white

and black magic and got-on the Road to En-dor and had commerce with dark forces (and we invite those who think that (a) active sorcery exists no more, and (b) it is a rather naïve, absurd business, to look up the Bordeaux scandals of 1925 and the comments of the eminent Parisian lawyer Maitre Maurice Garçon on the same). Most modern conjurers and illusionists wisely draw the line at sawing a lady in half, which is both pleasant and profitable, and morally harmless.

Ban

WITCHCRAFT in these islands is practically confined at the moment to booksy girls, most of whom fly their own brooms. A P.E.N. squadron volunteered for active service with the R.A.F. in 1940, but the War Office decided the war was going to be hellish enough without this. Long-distance lethal curses on leading German publishers by means of the usual incantations and wax "mommets" stuck with pins have been banned because German female novelists might retaliate on Faber and Faber, the best-loved publishers in the world.

Oases

IN a whimsy piece about railway junctions Auntie *Times* remembered Crewe and Leuchars and Bletchley but



"Ought to be a wizard party. Bags of booze and some smashing-looking hotties!"



"I'd go back to mother . . . if I knew where her unit was!"

forgot two of the most fascinating European junctions, which are Clapham and Modane.

At Clapham Junction the great Chesterton spent many hours of meditation on major problems, including that of murdering a citizen in the third-class waiting room and getting away with it, a difficult feat. Clapham also is the stockbrokers' gateway to Paradise, or Brighton as some call it, just as Modane, before the R.A.F. bombed it to rubble, was the gateway to Italy. Reaching Clapham from Victoria on the pre-war Southern Belle, a lovely light came into the stockbroker's eyes as he pressed the bell and the tiny trusting hand beside him, starting on whisky and persiflage simultaneously. Reaching Clapham again from Brighton on the Monday morning, sterner light flamed in his eyes as he threw off the tiny trusting hand with an oath and opened his despatch-case, every inch a Man of Affairs, for Life is real, Life is earnest. As for Modane, it was there that you first sniffed the warm, soft Ausonian airs and felt the immemorial spell of Italy.

Auntie seems insensitive nowadays alike to magic, love, and murder. Maybe changing the old true-blue flannel undies for red has altered her? Maybe her bleak new buddies make her read Karl Marx all day instead of Ruby M. Ayres? We wish we knew, but not much.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Bassano

The Chinese Ambassadress : Mme. Wellington Koo

Mme. Wellington Koo first came to London as a bride twenty-three years ago, when her husband was appointed Chinese Minister in Britain. She spent eleven years in France, where Dr. Wellington Koo was first Minister and later Ambassador, prior to his appointment as Chinese Ambassador in London in 1941. In Paris, Mme. Wellington Koo was regarded as one of the best-dressed women in society, and she is the possessor of a remarkable collection of jade jewellery. The daughter of M. Oei Tiong Ham, an East Indian merchant, she lived for many years in Malaya and Java, and speaks fluent English, French and Dutch. Dr. Wellington Koo has held one key post after another under the Chinese Republic since 1915, when he went as Minister to Washington; he has been Chinese Prime Minister and twice Minister for Foreign Affairs, later becoming China's representative on the Council of the League of Nations, of which he was President in 1937. The Wellington Koo family have two sons, who are in America, both at the Columbia University, where their father was a former brilliant pupil.

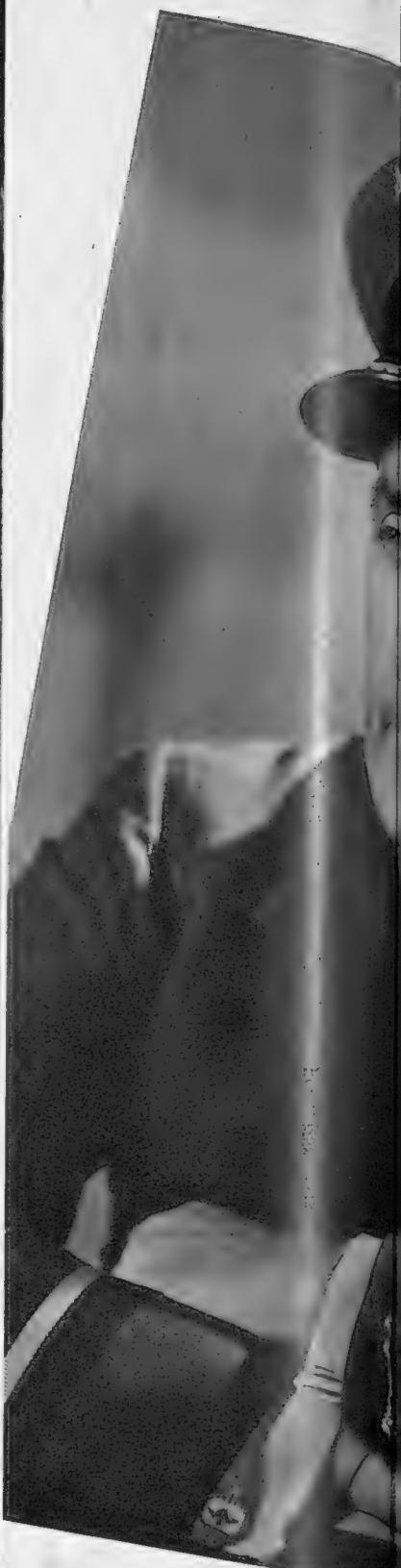
"Sic Itur Adest"



Air Vice-Marshal N. H. Bottomley, C.B., C.I.E., D.S.O., A.F.C.

Deputy Chief of Air Staff at the Air Ministry since August, Air Vice-Marshal Norman Howard Bottomley has seen many years of service at home and abroad. During the early part of the present war he commanded a bomber group, becoming Senior Air Staff Officer at Bomber Command H.Q., and previous to his present job was Assistant Chief of Air Staff (Operational). He started his career in 1914 as a Lieutenant in the 3rd East Yorkshire Regiment, becoming a Captain in 1916, was seconded to the R.F.C. that year, and in 1918 took a permanent commission in the R.A.F., relinquishing his Army commission in 1919. He subsequently served in Iraq and in India, where in 1937 he was awarded the D.S.O. for operations in Waziristan, was mentioned in despatches three times, and received the C.B. the same year

Air Marshal V. H. Tait
Born in Winnipeg in 1892, he went to the R.F.C. in 1917, and joined the R.A.F. Tait went to the Middle East on Signal duties with the Egyptian Government, until he became Deputy Director and later Director-General. Air Marshal Tait was awarded the Gordon



Ad Astra": Three R.A.F. Celebrities



W.R. Tait, C.B., O.B.E.
Director-General of Signals since 1942, is a Canadian.
He went to school there, and to Manitoba University,
with the Canadian Engineers, transferring to
the R.A.F. on its formation. In 1930, Air Marshal
Tait was appointed to the R.A.F. and two years later was seconded for
duties, and two years later was seconded for
Memorial Prize in 1925



Air Marshal Sir Leslie Gossage, K.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., M.C.

Air Marshal Sir Leslie Gossage, appointed Chief Commandant and Director-General of the Air Training Corps, now occupies a new post, which has been created to mark and still further strengthen the close association between the A.T.C. and the R.A.F. He took up his new duties on February 1st, the third anniversary of the formation of the Corps. Air Marshal Gossage has been A.O.C. Balloon Command since November 1940, coming to that Command from the Air Council, on which he had been Air Member for Personnel. From 1936 until the spring of 1940 he commanded the famous No. 11 Group of Fighter Command, who bore the brunt of the Battle of Britain, and later was for a time Inspector-General of the R.A.F.

Portrait Gallery



Mrs. Ian Menzies and Malise

Before her marriage in 1937 to Major Ian G. Menzies, Mrs. Menzies was Miss Lisa Stöttinger, of Vienna. Her husband is the youngest son of the late Lady Holford, and is in the Coldstream Guards. Before the birth of her daughter, Malise Iona, in August 1943, Mrs. Menzies worked for the W.V.S.

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Right: In April 1939 Major Denis Griffiths married Miss Eirene Leonard, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Leonard, of Brandeston Hall, Suffolk. They have two children, Davina, aged three and a bit, and Carol, getting on for two. Major Griffiths is at present working at the War Office



Mrs. Richard Pelly and Louise Sophia

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pelly were married in 1941, and their daughter was born last October. Mr. Pelly, a cousin of the Duke of Beaufort, is manager of one of the foreign departments of William Cory, Ltd. Mrs. Pelly and Louise Sophia were photographed under the portrait of Sir Richard Hales (an ancestor of Mr. Pelly's) by J. Riley



Mrs. Denis Griffiths with Davina and Carol

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A World's Record

THE holder is Her Majesty the Queen, because she is the only monarch in history who has ever led the whole field of a crack pack out fox-hunting *on foot*, and, what is more, done it across a heavy plough! The beautiful Elizabeth of Austria, as is history, went top of the hunt in Leicestershire, Cheshire, and so forth, many a time, but she was mounted on some of the best horses that ever looked through a bridle. It is, therefore, quite safe to claim this record for our King's Consort, because I am sure that even the farouche Boadicea can never have done anything like it during the time she ruled over that hard-riding tribe the Iceni, who lived

happened was that Princess Elizabeth, with her mother holding her pony, was in a corner of Boughton Covert, and the fox which was there found could not have given a better performance, even if commanded, or, as Frank Freeman said: "If we had had him on a string!" for after he went away he passed right under the nose of the Princess's pony and jumped on to a wall, and, after giving his royal audience the once-over, made straight across the middle of the adjoining ploughed field, circling to the right before disappearing from view. Freeman laid his hounds on in a flash, coming straight to the royal and other hollas. When the field debouched from the covert, they saw to their amazement, and probably too the annoyance of the hard thrusters, that they were being led by a lady leading a small child on a pony going best pace across the plough in the wake of hounds. The occasion was also, in a way, a sad one, for this was the last time that Frank Freeman ever hunted a fox, and it marked the retirement of the finest huntsman probably of a century, and the initiation of our most important little lady to the joys of the chase. Memorable happenings in the annals of fox-hunting!

More Hints for "Hunters"

SITTING at the jumps is one of those little technicalities which it is eminently desirable to acquire. There are many kinds of seat: wash-ball, tip-up, vulgar, impartial, sliding monkey-on-the-stick, and so forth, but only one that is of any use, the kind that tucks whatever it is you sit upon completely out of sight—if you know what is meant? You can only do this by long practice. But not a bad way is to imagine that you are riding bare-backed and want to put as much between yourself and the animal's most uncomfortable backbone as possible. Pay no attention to the directions given in *Horsemanship in Six Short Lessons*, and other tomes about the correct length of the stirrup-leathers. No two horses are exactly the same shape—you get the idea? A thing shaped like a beer-barrel



Rival Rugby Captains

The Royal New Zealand Air Force (All Blacks) Rugby XI. met the South African Air Force team at Richmond. F/Lt. E. Grant (N.Z.) and A. Venniker captained the opposing sides. The New Zealanders won

on four pegs needs a different length of leather to one upon which you can almost make your two knees meet. Never look at the roots (of an obstacle); always about 2 ft. over the top. Best place for your hands is in your lap, never up under your chin, or even on your solar plexus. The Aussies have a thing called a monkey-strap on the front "D's" of their buck-jumping saddles. It would be a good thing to have this on just ordinary saddles, and pass the reins through it. The lower your hands, the higher the animal will jump. Always keep the chin tucked in as in box-fighting: it lessens the chance of breaking the neck. Never carry a cigarette-case in any waistcoat pocket: it aids the ribs to break. Finally, don't hop about like a pea on a drum when going in to a big place, or, in fact, to any place. Try carrying anyone who won't sit still pick-a-back, and you may gather what the horse thinks about it.

Hunting Language

If you know any new stuff it is always a kindly act to pass it on to the M.F.H., who may be running short. He is a very hard-worked

(Concluded on page 148)



In the Army Now

Major Robert T. Jones, "Bobby" Jones of golfing fame, is now in London, attached to the U.S. Army Air Force as an intelligence officer. He won both the British and American Open Championships before the war

where the place now called Exning is at Newmarket. It is also possible, I think, to claim a world's hunting record for the Heir Apparent, for she rode the pony which the Queen (then Duchess of York) led across that plough on April 18th, 1931, in the Pytchley country, a realm in which the former Prince of Wales and His Majesty the King were entered to fox-hunting under the guidance of Captain George Drummond, than whom few better men have ever crossed that formidable region. At the time of this occurrence H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth was three days short of being five years old, and so the recently-recorded incident was not the first time she ever went out hunting.

The Facts

As they appear to have been rather mixed up by some of the chroniclers, here are the right ones, straight from the mouth of someone who was there on that April 18th, 1931, and was, moreover, responsible for the Queen and her daughter getting that start of the whole Pytchley field: The following is the gist of some information given me by Captain Drummond, whom I met the other day. What



An R.A.F. Operational Training Unit Rugby Team

The Rugby team seen here has won twelve out of their fourteen matches this season. On ground: A/C. L. Pearce, Sgt. W. E. Strachan, F/O. H. J. Morris, Sgt. J. A. Lewis. Sitting: F/O. S. A. V. Hilton, F/Lts. C. V. Brown, B. K. Williamson, F. R. C. Manning (captain), S/Ldr. J. D. Warne, D.S.C., D.F.C., P/O. L. J. C. Widig, D.F.M. Standing: F/Lt. G. W. Gomm (referee), F/Os T. J. W. Whitehead, G. R. Howe, P/Os J. E. Stewart, J. G. Y. Hodge, F/O. S. F. Mauder, G/Capt. A. V. Hammond (president)



The Oxford and Cambridge Eights: to Race at Ely on February 26

D. R. Stuart

The Oxford University Eight: (on ground) C. Hill (Winchester and B.N.C.; spare man), R. Elbworth-Snow (Bradfield and Magdalen; cox), J. R. L. Carstairs (St. Edward's and Christ Church; spare man); (sitting) J. M. H. Brooks (Radley and New College), Dr. K. Neville Irvine (coach and ex-trial eight), Francis de Hane (Shrewsbury and New College; president and stroke), D. G. Jamison (Radley and Magdalen); (standing) M. L. H. Lee (Shrewsbury and Worcester), M. E. Whitworth-Jones (St. Edward's and Trinity), R. T. T. Warwick (Bedales and Oriel), J. E. von Bergen (Radley and Trinity), G. N. Pointer (St. Edward's and Trinity)

The Cambridge University Eight: (sitting) C. G. W. Pilkington (Winchester and Trinity), Eric Farmer (coach), Thomas Wotherspoon (Shrewsbury and Trinity; president and stroke), Professor E. A. Walker (coach since 1940), Douglas MacLellan (Rugby and Pembroke; cox); (standing) I. H. Phillips (Trinity and Winchester), T. C. Sanders (Shrewsbury and St. John's), B. Thwaites (Winchester and Clare), J. J. Scott (Radley and Corpus), J. Twiston-Davies (Radley and Jesus), P. Nissen (Eton and Trinity), F. Jackson (boatman). Pilkington and Wotherspoon were members of the 1943 crew



"Past and Present": by "The Tout"

Having no National Hunt meetings to attend again this year, racing folk must content themselves by talking over old days, and hoping for a speedy return to better ones. Old-timers will recall that forty years ago "Tich" Mason was the leading jockey over the sticks. I am glad to hear from Capt. Percy Whitaker, who was a crack amateur about the same time, that "Tich" is still going strong. "Percy," of course, still trains at Headquarters. Jack Fawcett was a front-rank professional "jock" before the war. He and old Southern Hero proved a popular partnership, winning many races, including two Scottish Grand Nationals. Jack is now a prisoner of war in Germany. "Ruby" Holland-Martin used to be a keen G.R. in pre-war days, and picked up several races on his grand old stayer, Evasio Mon. Colonel "Perry" Harding and Lt.-Gen. H. Lumsden were both in the first flight among soldier jockeys a few years ago. The latter has now gone out East as the Prime Minister's representative with General MacArthur

Pictures in the Fire (Continued)

man and has little spare time in which to think up anything fresh off his own bat. Never drop your "h's" or your "g's." The real ones don't, only the "huntn,' shootin' and fishin'" chaps created by the concocters of musical comedy and "huntn'" films. The Climber, of course, does talk of the "bathin' and paddlin' and golfin'" at Haylin' bein' toppin'", but don't take him as your pilot. "Tantivy!" is not a fox-hunting expression. It savours more of the coach-horn. Be very careful when you try to pronounce "Yoicks!" You may find that the expert omits the last three letters.

Captain Hamstrung

THE young "Hunter" of 1995 is sure to meet this præterpluperfect tense of bores, for he is immortal. The younger the "Hunter" the greater the certainty, for the captain is very clever at picking his audience. The student will have no difficulty in spotting him, even when not at the fox-chase, for he always walks duck-toed down either Pall Mall or the western end of Piccadilly, with a view to implanting the idea that he is so accustomed to wearing a pair of long, sharp spurs that he cannot divest himself of the habit, and thinks he might speedy-cut his socks if he turned his toes out. He always has (what he thinks is) a horse to sell, and he will inevitably try to crab the one you have told him you are thinking of buying. He will say: "Of course, you must please yourself, but if I tell you in strict confidence that even I would not ride him, you can draw your own conclusions!" This, of course, is strictly true, because the Captain could not ride one side of even a stuffed horse. A little story with a moral: "You don't think he is a honther, don't ye? Aah, but you wouldn't know!"

The Evening Feast

B E wary about your small-talk, especially with strangers. For instance, you may innocently remark to a lady who looks like a first whip, or an earth-stopper: "Are you coming with us to-morrow?" and you may incur the retort: "And whoy would I not be coming wid ye? Tell me that now!" You never know how many she may have had. Anyway, play for safety. She may be the toast of the Meath, or even of the Quorn. As to the rest, you being probably as tired as was your first horse; oysters with a glass of Chablis, a bit of pheasant with some of The Widow: perhaps a chaudfroid and a savoury, preferably with caviare, but nothing more, if you want to come out bright as the Koh-i-noor next morning.

On Active Service



*Officers of an R.A.F. Station
in Yorkshire*

Front row : S/O. Z. Davies, F/Lt. S. Mander, F/O. J. Whitham, S/Ldr. G. Sturgess, W/Cdr. S. J. Palmer, S/Ldrs. J. Reid, H. Biggs, F/Lt. T. B. McMillan, S/O. M. Vaughan. Second row : F/Lt. S. Hollond, S/O. B. Sampson, F/Lt. H. Brooks, S/O. S. Warren, F/O. Holmstead, S/O. E. Maidment, F/Lt. D. Younge, S/O. S. Sharples, F/O. Rhodes, F/Lt. W. Caterer. Back row : F/O. S. Taylor, F/Lt. G. Smith, S/O. M. Heward, F/Lt. J. Westall, F/O. E. Gardner, S/O. I. Foote, F/Os R. Humphrey, N. Snape, S/O. M. G. Jackson, F/Os Varney, A. Perkins, G. Armstrong, S. Coplin, F/Lt. L. Chapman

(Right.) Front row : Sub. M. G. Evans, A.T.S., Majors P. K. Jennings, R. Ellis, Capt. and Adj't. J. E. de Galleini, Lt.-Col. N. M. Hay, M.B.E., the Commandant, H.R.H. the Princess Royal, C.I., G.C.V.O., G.B.E., Brigadier, Majors F. T. Pitt, F. Warhurst, J. S. M. Lachlan, S. W. Trill, Rev. F. White, C.F. Second row : Lt. (QM) J. C. Ray, Capt. W. B. Pain, S. Read, K. R. Oliver, W. E. Fill, R. W. Watson, R. C. Handcock, G. T. Bartlett (Royal Norfolk Regiment), T. P. Davies, C. A. Clarke, H. Rawnsley, H. H. Garner, R. Martin, T. G. Clarke, J. B. Poucher, Lt. (T.M.C.) F. R. Cox. Third row : Capt. C. Pathay Johns, P. S. C. Brisbourne, W. G. Scantlebury, E. Davies, Lt. J. W. Hurst, M.M., Capt. C. Lambert, D. S. A. Hutley, G.M., J. C. Gibson (R.A.M.C.), J. A. Calkebread, Lts. J. S. Blamire, J. H. Hughes, A. K. Tudor, Capt. J. MacA. Buchanan, D. H. Fender, W. Murphy. Back row : Capt. K. D. Anderson, G. L. S. Brown, R. C. Bird, Lt. T. Cooban, Capt. T. G. Seton, S. Maynard, Lts. J. W. Sime, F. H. Smith, Capt. E. A. Samis, C. C. Chichester, Lt. E. Fielding, Capt. W. K. Edwards, C. J. Wilcox



No. 65 "East India" Squadron, R.A.F. Station

Front row : F/Sgt. Standrin, Sgt. Braybrooke, P/Os S. Hunt, E. J. Fame, W/O. K. Gillham. Second row : F/Sgts. Whitmore, Fahy (R.N.Z.A.F.), F/Lt. R. C. Kitchen, D.F.C., S/Ldr. J. E. Stottar, D.F.C. and Bar, F/Lt. J. R. Heap, D.F.C. Third row : Sgt. Morton, F/O. R. L. Stillwell, D.F.M.; F/Lt. W. L. Hardman, F/Os N. K. T. Stanton, J. A. Long, A. C. Sbirrell, R. L. Sutherland (R.C.A.F.), F/Sgt. Treloar, F/O. M. J. Wright, P/O. N. E. S. Mutter, Sgt. Sumner, F/Os J. Butler, P. J. Hearne. (Seated on wing left) : Sgt. Munn, F/Sgt. Margretts, F/Os C. H. Davis (R.C.A.F.), B. S. Griffiths, Sgt. Dinsdale. (Seated on wing ; right) : Sgt. Holmes, F/Sgt. Pittcock, P/O. W. E. Peet, F/Sgt. Taylor, F/Sgt. Evans



Officers of an O.C.T.U. Royal Signals

A. J. Glover



D. R. Stuart

Sitting on ground : Sub-Lts. (E) E. T. D. Hairs, A. J. Crawford, W. G. M. Burn, J. C. M. Howell, M. F. Blackford, R. A. Patterson, J. P. Brady, J. S. Norcott. Seated : Sub-Lts. (E) D. L. J. Corner, A. F. Japp, C. E. N. Deane, R. L. Hewitt, Lt.-Cdr. (E) S. V. P. Capper, D.S.C., Sub-Lts. (E) P. Lock, H. M. Johnson, P. B. Sindery, H. W. F. Lowman, Middle row : Sub-Lts. (E) H. Gardner, K. E. England, R. E. Hartley, W. E. Risborough, C. H. Hunnis, J. E. T. Middleditch, R. M. Inches, J. F. W. Way, P. R. Marrack, R. A. Turner. Back row : Sub-Lts. (E) D. W. Edwards, J. A. G. Mares, C. R. Littlejohn, J. W. Sturrock, J. D. Buckley, J. S. Maconochie, A. K. M. Browne, S. C. Hawnes, P. M. W. Noel, L. A. D. Sladden, L. H. Clarke, T. W. Sargent, J. H. Allen, H. R. C. Young, J. G. Shilcock



Officers of a Battalion of The Royal Warwickshire Regiment

First row : Majors M. Ryan, T. L. Brock, R. G. Kreyer, Brig. C. T. Tonnes, C.B.E., D.S.O. M.C., Colonel of the Regiment, the Commanding Officer, Capt. and Adjutant, P. A. Batt, Majors Gee Ross, T. G. Bundoak. Second row : Lt. P. B. Waterworth, Capt. W. C. Johnson, (QM) S. J. Williams, Lts. P. M. Healey, R. Pratt (Leicester Regiment), D. S. B. Roberts, P. W. F. Lamb, R. L. Hobbs, K. A. Taylor. Third row : Capt. W. Pike, Lts. G. F. Forrest, A. Dockerty, T. G. Baird, J. Bindless, Capt. H. C. Illing, Lt. C. Briggs. Back row : Lt. J. R. Clarke, Capt. M. L. B. Hall, W. T. Barratt, Lts. A. G. Wilson, A. J. M. Bannerman, Capt. G. F. J. Jerram

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Family Life

THE novels of Miss I. Compton-Burnett have a quality entirely of their own. To enjoy them, you have to rid yourself altogether of the accepted ideas as to what is "lifelike" in novel-writing. The fact is that while Miss Compton-Burnett is sedate, orderly, almost Victorian in her manner, she has broken, unostentatiously and deep down, with almost all the conventions that adhere to the novel—at any rate, to the novel in England. Her characters, from the old people down to the children, are ageless and remorselessly articulate. Speaking out of a terrifying knowledge of themselves and of one another, they express what is generally left unsaid—unsaid by most of us not out of shyness or kindness, but because we have not yet realised that it is true. The setting is, in all cases, English family life, with its apparent prosaicness. You are fascinated, if also daunted, by the version of such a life that you find here. For under—and not far under—the homely surface are the violence of the Elizabethan tragedy and the sombre fatality of Greek drama. And, as in these, the characters are over-life-size.

It would, however, be most misleading to suggest that the Compton-Burnett novels are in a tragic vein. They have a marked, if sinister, cosiness, and abound in comedy scenes. The latest, *Elders and Bettors* (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), deals with two groups of relations, the servants of one of the households, and a governess and her niece: there are no outsiders at all. At the start, the Donne family are first met moving into a new house; they have come to this country neighbourhood in order to be near Mr. Donne's two sisters—

Sukey, who is unmarried and likely to die any minute from heart trouble, and Jessica, who is the wife of Thomas Calderon (author) and the mother of four children, Terence, Tullia, Julius and Theodora. Mr. Donne, himself a widower, also has four children—Bernard, Anna, Esmond and Reuben; and beneath his roof reside two unmarried ladies—his cousin, Miss Clara Bell, and Miss Maria Jennings ("Jenney"), who is the housekeeper. It is Jenney who acts as sort of interpreter between the Donnes and their two servants, Cook and Ethel. Of the Calderons' servants one does not hear anything; they must have been remarkably long-suffering, as in this house one sometimes sat down fourteen to lunch, and the meal was prolonged by family scenes.

Cook and Ethel are, in my view, the crowning and final servants of English fiction. In fact, they immediately give the lie to my statement that Miss Compton-Burnett's novels are not, in the usual sense, "lifelike." The arrival of Cook and Ethel at their employers' new house, and the Donnes' attempts to, one might say, butter their paws, are true echoes from what seems now an historic past. (The time of the novel, though not specified,

cannot be later than 1913—social changes are not apparent, and everyone has much leisure.)

"Cook," says Ethel, with reference to their new sleeping quarters, "cannot sleep alone. She is of too nervous a type." And, later: "'There is a basement,' said Ethel, in a tone that added no more, as no more was necessary. 'We shall get used to the extra stairs,' said Cook, in a tone the more courageous for being faint. 'Oh, yes, you will,' said Jenney. 'You will run up and down without noticing them in a day or two.' She ran down herself, to show she had reached this stage. 'We can't get out of the basement without them,' said Ethel, putting the same thought in another form." And, "The two maids often exchanged a glance, a practice that does not encourage an observer, and in this case did so less than most." I could dwell on this couple indefinitely; their scene with the table, towards the end, is inimitable.

Villainess

IN *Elders and Bettors*, as in the other novels, there is not a character who is not high-voltaged. But, as the plot (and there is considerable plot) unwinds, it is thirty-year-old Anna Donne who comes to stand out—for what one might call sheer psychological villainy. Having gained a legacy by burning the proper will, virtually murdered her second aunt and



P.E.N. Club Luncheon

Senhor Pascal Carlos Magno, Second Secretary at the Brazilian Embassy, was the guest of honour at a P.E.N. Club luncheon held in London recently. Senhor Magno has just written a book in English, "Sun Over the Palms." He is seen above with Miss Margaret Kennedy, the well-known writer and author of "The Constant Nymph"

tricked her aunt's son into an engagement, our Anna remarks: "I expect I am still the blundering innocent that I always was." (Tullia Calderon, Anna's first cousin and future sister-in-law, shows signs that she might stop at nothing, before the end, but her affairs resolve themselves without actual crime.) The scene in dead Aunt Sukey's room between Anna and her Aunt Jessica has an appalling power rare in fiction to-day. The two fathers, Mr. Calderon and Mr. Donne, are painful exhibits—Florence, young niece of Miss Lacey (whom you will like), is well out of her engagement to the new-made widower. The junior group—Jame Reuben Donne and Julius and Theodora Calderon (who conduct private worship before a rock

in the rock garden)—can hardly fail to suffer—and well they know that they do! "Verily," says Julius, aged eleven, to his sister, aged ten, "we are having a unique childhood!"

Brilliant, serenely preposterous, and at the same time close to the bone of life, *Elders and Bettors* towers, like all this author's novels, above the more "natural" chronicles that come out to-day. It has that rare thing, the authority of the master hand. To read it is an experience. Its felicities, as I expected, delighted me; its portraits of people from the complexion through to the very soul—commanded my admiration, and the big scenes, for all their astringency, left me profoundly moved.

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I AM like an animal,

By Richard King

in that when I feel ill I only want to creep into a hole and die. Briefly, I hate being fussed. Nothing raises my bodily and emotional temperature more than the soul-embittering argument around my sick-bed concerning my disinclination to drink a cup of tea, or some hot milk, or a glass of whisky; still less a nice cup of cocoa "just to please me." Exhausted by the verbal combat, I usually sink back into the coma of deliciously peaceful misery, when, once again, the gentle knock on the door and—*up comes soup*.

No; when I feel ill, I like only to be left alone. Thus, when recently I became a sufferer from a bad cold in the head, which in conversation became influenza—since nobody is the least interested in a fat head and a running nose, while a mere cough has no dramatic value—I was not sorry that I happened to be staying in an hotel. It was very quiet and warm and comfortable in my bedroom, and the head-waiter, on his own initiative, sent me up a tumbler of hot rum and milk, leaving it outside my door without attempting the sympathetic chit-chat of a Ministering Angel. Unfortunately, just when I had begun to sip this unexpected luxury, the sirens blew their heads off. And another air raid had begun.

Now an air raid is never my idea of fun and games. It is even more baleful when the whole world, outside the radius of a fire, is as a plunge into the Arctic. I became a Tragedy King

unto myself. I felt enveloped by doom. Courage deserted me. I resembled a worm who had emerged from the ground within the shadow of a hungry thrush. I swore as I sneezed. This, I said to myself, may be the last time I shall ever blow my nose!

Then, suddenly, in the midst of a lull between two ack-ack onslaughts, there came from the street below the crazy singing of a drunken man. "I donna wan ter set—(hiccup)—th' worl' on fyre," he sang. And no spiritual exhortation by the Archbishop of Canterbury could have been more efficacious. I found courage. I gained renewed strength. Let the sky rage. I would calmly await events. I was jumpy no more.

I lit another cigarette and drew closer to the fire. Kismet. What must be will be—and all that. And, as I smoked in comparative peace, I amused myself by thinking that help comes to us often by the queerest ways: that we never know when or how we are influencing others and they are influencing us—for good or ill. That when we are perfectly unconscious of being helpful we may be helping best of all. That sometimes an unpremeditated thought or word or action or look may achieve lovelier results than all our more cultivated best behaviour. That often we are loved for personal qualities, in which we take no conscious pride. Well, it makes you think, doesn't it? I shall always be very grateful to the singer who was drunk that night.

Fairy-Tale Sans Fairies
EUDORA WELTY, whose talent and name are striking, gave us, less than a year ago, a collection of stories (*A Curtain of Green*). These were so varied in style and subject as to suggest that Miss Welty could move any way she chose—harsh, shadowless comedy was within her command; but also mysterious crises of the soul. Her America—that of the Southern States—appeared as alternately bald and haunted. But the stories had always two

(Concluded on page 152)

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Proby—Cripps

Capt. Peter Proby, Irish Guards, eldest son of Major and Mrs. R. G. Proby, of Berry Leas, Lenton, Peterborough, married Miss Blanche Harrison Cripps, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. H. Cripps, of Bagarets, White Colne, Essex, at St. Mary Abbots' Church, Kensington



Read—Maclean

The marriage of F/O. James Frederick Read, R.A.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. Read, of Sydney, Australia, and Miss Della Maclean, daughter of Lady Maclean, of 10, Wilbraham Place, S.W., and of Drimini, Tangier, took place at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street



Rowan—Love

Mr. Thomas Leslie Rowan, younger son of the late Rev. T. and Mrs. Rowan, and Miss Catherine Patricia Love, younger daughter of Brig. and Mrs. R. H. A. Love, of Woolavington Grange, Bridgwater, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The bridegroom is private secretary to the Prime Minister



Dobbs—Guerrier

Right:
Sub-Lt. Michael Conway Dobbs, R.N., son of Lt.-Col. R. C. Dobbs, C.B.E., D.S.O., of Omagh, Co. Tyrone, married Miss Peterine Guerrier, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Guerrier, M.B.E., of Seaview, I.O.W., at Compton Church, near Winchester



Latham—Smith-Masters

The marriage of Capt. John Latham, 60th Rifles, of Little Heath Wood, Herts., and Miss Margaret Smith-Masters, of the Ivy House, Chislehurst, took place in November at All Saints' Cathedral, Cairo



Hardiman—Smyth

S/Ldr. Robert James Hardiman, R.A.F., of Exeter, and Miss Annarella Smyth were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The bride is the daughter of the late Major-Gen. Sir Neville Maskelyne Smyth, V.C., and Lady Smyth, of Kongbool, Victoria, Australia

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 137)

training establishment is not far from Donoghue's; they were entertaining friends home from the Middle East. Mrs. Walwyn is managing her husband's stable while he is engaged on military duties.

Around London

At one London restaurant I saw Mrs. Simonds, who lately returned from the United States, luching with her Etonian son, who was just about to return to school. Mrs. Simonds was Miss Molly Ramsden and has a lovely home in Berkshire. The Countess of Kimberley was another luching at the same restaurant, warmly clad in a mink coat; Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke were together, celebrating one of Lady Willoughby's rare visits to London. She organises the Y.M.C.A. mobile canteens in Warwickshire, as well as being in charge of their canteen in her village at Kinton, so her time is fully occupied. The Willoughby de Brokes' only son is now five years old and they have a daughter born last year. Visitors to the May Fair included Major-General Laycock and his attractive wife, and Lady Abertay with two of her daughters, the Hon. June and the Hon. Rosemary Barrie. Lady Abertay has one of the loveliest homes in Scotland—Tullybelton, near Dunkeld, at the beginning of the beautiful Perthshire Highlands. She is intensely interested in the Perthshire Red Cross. Other visitors from Scotland have included Lord Alness and Air-Cdre. and Mrs. C. Cadell, who have a most attractive home near Linlithgow.

Lineshooters' Lunch

THE second luncheon to be held by the R.A.F. Lineshooters' Club, whose membership consists of airmen who have spoken at war factories in rest periods between spells of duty, was held recently, with Air Marshal Sir Richard Peck as guest of honour. The purpose of this club is to enable these airmen, who have had to "shoot a line," to keep in touch now and after the war. It is intended also that each luncheon shall include as a guest a member of the management of one of the factories at which members have spoken. Sir Frederick Handley-Page was present on this occasion.

It is probable that at these meetings there are grouped together in one room men responsible for shooting down more enemy planes than at any other gathering. Among those at this luncheon were Lord Willoughby de Broke (patron of the Club), S/Ldr. R. A. B. Learoyd, V.C., and W/O. Green, who recently escaped from a prisoners of war camp in Italy, where he had been since he was shot down in 1940. Flyers with Norwegian, Czechoslovak and Belgian flashes, and all wearing decorations, were seen among the guests, and there was one Malta night-fighter, F/O. John Baldock.

Good Work at Plymouth

THE town of Plymouth owes a great deal to Lord and Lady Astor, who take a personal interest in all its activities. Among other things, they do everything possible to make life as pleasant as possible for the Service men and women passing through the town. Recently Lady Astor arranged for a section of the American negro choir to sing at the Union Street Y.M.C.A. Club, and much of the success of the King George Club for Officers is due to the Astors. Frequently they take personal friends to dine there.



Christening in Hampshire

Daphne, the small daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Nicholas Mansergh, was christened at St. Philip and St. James's Church, Fleet, recently. She is seen with her mother, father and brother Philip, who is three. Mrs. Mansergh is an Oxford Triple Blue. Her husband, who was formerly a tutor at the University, is now Head of the Dominions Section at the Ministry of Information

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 150)

things in common: they kept inside the bounds of the possible, and their time was to-day.

Miss Welty may now perplex her admirers by having done something quite unforeseen. She gives us, in *The Robber Bridegroom* (The Bodley Head; 10s. 6d.), what I should describe as a fairy story—I am content to omit actual fairies. Grimm and Hans Andersen could but have looked kindly on this affair of robbers and lovely maid, of forest wanderings, of wicked and witch-like stepmother, of a rich green dress and long gold locks, of a berry-stained face and a concealed identity. The Mississippi and the Old Natchez Trace become, in these pages, enveloped in ageless magic. And Indians, with their incalculable revenges, take the place at once of ogres and gnomes.

Gentle Rosamond differs from the accepted fairy-tale heroine in two particulars only—her morals are easy, and she is a notable liar. She and Jamie Lockhart, that dashing cavalier-robber, marry towards the end, and live happily ever after, but they had not been doing at all badly before. A Cupid-and-Psyche romance in the robbers' fastness had been broken up by Psyche's kind of mistake—Rosamond had insisted on seeing her lover's features, so used a witch-lotion to wash the berry-stain off; whereupon Jamie dashed out into the night. To make matters worse, enter malevolent Little Harp, with his dead big brother's talking-head in a box. The Goat, witless accomplice of Rosamond's stepmother (ill-favoured Salome, who finally dies of dancing), promotes complications. In this manner does the innocent, crazy, naively blood-thirsty story wander its way along, less artless than it appears. Is not this myth-magic new to the New World?

As his foot touched shore, the sun sank into the river the colour of blood, and at once a wind sprang up and covered the sky with black, yellow and green clouds the size of whales, which moved across the face of the moon. The river was covered with foam, and against the landing the boats strained in the waves and strained again. River and bluff gave off alike a leaf-green light, and from the water's edge the red torches lining the Landing-under-the-Hill and climbing the bluff to the town stirred and blew to the left and right. There were sounds of rushing and flying, from the flourish of carriages rushing through the streets after dark, from the bellowing throats of the flat-boatmen, and from the wilderness itself, which lifted and drew itself in the wind, and pressed its savage breath even closer to the little galleries of Rodney, and caused a bell to turn over in one of the steeples, and shook the fort and dropped a tree over the racetrack.

Holding his bag of gold tight in his hand, Clement made for the first inn he saw under the hill. It was all lighted up and full of the sounds of singing.

The Robber Bridegroom, a story told in this way, might well seem to be imperilled by illustrations. But James Holland's drawings prove him Miss Welty's other self. This should make an exquisite gift for a grown-up child.

"Clubbable"

THE "Britain in Pictures" Series, with its excellent object of rendering a full picture of British life—past, traits, culture and habits—has done well to make the addition of *British Clubs* (Collins; 4s. 6d.). And Bernard Darwin has been a happy choice as the writer on this engaging topic. To begin with, his treatment has been wide:

It is important [he says] not to use the word "club" in any limited sense. When Kipps came suddenly into his fortune, one of his colleagues in the Emporium remarked: "One of those West End flats. That'd be my style. And a first-class club." Those two expressions are often telescoped together, and newspapers love to talk with intense enjoyment of the opulent vision, of a "West End Club." Whatever is precisely contained within the four corners of that phrase, such an establishment makes but the tiniest ripple on the great and ever-spreading sea of clubs. Clubs do not only exist in one end of London: That which was once only for the elect is now for all, and everywhere the average man has his club. Each English small town has at least its British Legion Club, a friendly legacy from the last war, and the Rotary Club movement, an importation from the United States, is almost equally widespread, combining cheerful companionship with much good and charitable work in many directions.

Dr. Johnson spoke of Boswell as being "a very clubbable man." What is this instinct, or quality, in response to which clubs, of every kind, came into being? Mr. Darwin aptly defines and discusses it. Games or sport, learning—in fact, any common interest—or sheer sociability and the wish to be with kindred spirits, have accounted, he shows, for the start of clubs. He admits that in their continued life both exclusiveness and possessiveness play their part. He traces the growth of the club from the eighteenth-century coffee-house—the increasingly valued formalities, rules, traditions, springing up round what was, in the first place, informal and a matter of chance or choice. On the subject of London clubs—such as were, presumably, the hazy ambition of Kipps's Emporium friend—Mr. Darwin is anecdotal and interesting. And, being all-round, he is able to write as fully about Hambledon's original "Cricketing Club," and the West Kent Cricket Club, as he is of the expatriated Scottish golfer's Blackheath. Within the range of Great Britain he travels in time and space.

In the section headed "Enter the Ladies," we hear of a revolution. Mr. Darwin asks why ladies' clubs are so bleak: having never joined one, I share his intimidation. Are ladies too sharply aware of each other's presence? Mr. Darwin clearly opines that they have not learned to relax.



"Naval Occasions"

A privilege of the Royal Navy is to remain seated when drinking the Royal Toast. So far from implying any disrespect, this privilege is a reminder of the days of the old wooden walls where quarters were frequently so cramped that officers and men could not stand up without bumping their heads! The quarters are vastly improved today but the jealously guarded privilege remains.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Jet Hero

I TOLD you so. My guess last week that the announcement of the successful development of jet propulsion for aircraft would be immediately followed by the discovery of a series of earlier jet-propulsion inventions dating back into the remoter past was justified almost before we went to press. Mr. M. J. B. Davy, who is the authority to whom we automatically turn on questions of early aviation history, has revealed that about the year A.D. 50 Hero of Alexandria described a machine demonstrating the principle of propulsion "by the reaction of jets (of steam)." In 1784 the Abbé Miolan attempted to apply the principle to the navigation of a hot-air balloon. Group Captain Whittle should be duly impressed. But personally I was disappointed that Mr. Davy could only take us back to A.D. 50 for the origins of jet-propulsion methods. Surely a little research in the great Pyramids, for example, would carry us to a much remoter time.

The Brabazon

THE announcement in the House of Lords that the preparation of two new civil aircraft is under way met with the widest approval. Personally, although I feel that the Tudor is extremely important as the aircraft that will have to bear the load in the immediate future, I was more pleased to read of the broad details of the "Brabazon" specification.

We do want an aim set before our aeronautical workers and it must be an ambitious aim. Aircraft of the size and style of the York and the Tudor are necessary, but aircraft like the Brabazon give that special zest to aviation which makes it so absorbingly interesting. If we in aviation are ever satisfied with developing the practical aircraft of a given period and if we cease to look towards the remoter future we can infer that aviation is growing old. The whole Brabazon project—an immense tricycle undercarriage aircraft which can be driven by orthodox power units or might in the remoter future be furnished with jet-propulsion units—is a powerful stimulus to thought and work. It is good also to see that it bears the name of one who has worked hard in this field and whose ideas have always been markedly original.

W/Cdr. R. N. Stidolph, R.A.F., was awarded the D.F.C. for skill, courage and resolution of a very high order. While piloting an aircraft attacking Stettin he encountered an enemy fighter, sustaining extensive damage which rendered one of his engines useless. He nevertheless flew his aircraft safely to a British airport. He has completed many attacks on Berlin, Hamburg and Dusseldorf.

details as are known of it and from some of our own pilots' reports upon it, the Focke-Wulf 190 enjoyed a period of superiority. Now the Mustang takes the centre of the stage. It is a curious mixture of British and American aeronautical technique. Designed to a Royal Air Force specification and fitted with an engine designed by Rolls-Royce but built by Packard with an airframe entirely American, the Mustang earned from the first the highest praise from British pilots. It proved robust, handy and capable of high performance. It was regarded as sound for maintenance in the field. It was capable of taking progressively heavier armament and now it can go away with such a large auxiliary tankage as to allow it to do escort duties for bombers making the deepest penetrations into Germany.

The Air Ministry or Ministry of Aircraft Production (I do not know which is responsible) is curious in the way it releases information about enemy aircraft. The chaser bomb details, for instance, were suddenly released by the *Aeroplane Spotter*, though whether the facts were acquired from official sources or not I do not know. But details of the latest German aircraft which have human pilots are not released. There may be good reason for this reticence, but it makes it hard to weigh accurately the relative merits of our own and enemy machines.

The 293

THE German chaser bomb is described as the Henschel 293 and it follows almost exactly the pattern I once ventured to sketch out in these pages. It is a rocket-driven, miniature aeroplane carrying an explosive charge. It can be radio-directed but it can also be set on a course and maintained upon it by automatic pilot. It follows, in other words, exactly the lines that would be expected from a theoretical study of the subject and is not really vastly different from the kind of chaser bomb proposed and experimented with in the war of 1914-18. So although we cannot yet trace the Henschel 293 back to Hero of Alexandria no doubt we shall soon be on the way. One imagines some ancient siege engine being dragged out of oblivion to demonstrate that the ancients catapulted cannon balls with wings on at one another.

Meanwhile the chaser bomb appears to be in very small use. It seems to be used against shipping in the main. If it is really in large-scale production we should expect it to be more widely applied in the future. But there is no need as yet to worry overmuch about the bombardment of cities by chaser bombs on a really big scale. It can be assumed that some time will have to elapse before German production of this weapon is going at full speed, and we can be sure that the factories wherever they may be are not forgotten either by Bomber Command of the Royal Air Force or by the Eighth United States Army Air Forces.

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Stories from Everywhere

IKE was in financial trouble, and he went to his old friend Benjamin for help.

"I want you to lend me a thousand pounds," said Ike.

"No," was the reply Benjamin made. "Definitely no."

"But Ben," protested Ike, "when Wall Street crashed in 1929, who lent you five thousand pounds to keep you going?"

"You did," admitted Ben.

"And later, when your wife had that serious operation, who lent his house in the South of France for the whole season so that she could recuperate?"

"You did, my friend."

"And who saved your life five years ago when you fell out of the boat when we were fishing together?"

"Oh, you did, Ike."

"Well, then, Ben, why won't you lend me a thousand now?"

"All the things you say are true," said Ben, nodding his head slowly. "But what have you done for me, lately?"

HE was most incredibly drunk, and the constable was finding it hard work to get him to the police station. It was actually only a few hundred yards, but to the arm of the law it seemed miles.

Several times the inebriate fell down flat, dragging his captor with him.

At last, breathless, covered with mud, the constable managed to drag his captive up the steps of the station.

As they lurched through the door, the drunk muttered: "Thanksh, ole chap! Get me inshide—quick—before the copsh shee me!"

A MAN who was very keen on his garden was justifiably proud of his very fine lawn. But one year the lawn had a terribly heavy crop of dandelions. He tried everything he had ever heard of to get rid of them, but with no success. At last, in desperation, he wrote to the Department of Agriculture telling them all about it. He gave a list of all the remedies he had tried and ended his epistle with: "What shall I do now?"

In due course came a reply: "We suggest you learn to love them."

FROM "Peterborough's" column in the *Daily Telegraph* comes the following:

An American Air Force colonel stationed in England was explaining with satisfaction how he had shot three pheasants on his airfield.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed a horrified English listener. "You can't do that—that's poaching. You'll get fined or gaoled for that in England."

The American hesitated a fraction of a second. "Well," he drawled, "I guess I shot them for pecking at my aircraft."



John Vickers

Joyce Grenfell, the very gifted artiste and writer who has made such a name for herself on the British stage with her brilliant monologues, is shortly leaving this country to entertain the Allied Forces in the Near East. Miss Grenfell is a niece of Lady Astor

THE anxious father had been pacing the room for hours and at last the old family doctor came in with the words: "It's a boy!"

The newly made parent sank down into a chair and sighed with relief.

"And is the child all right?" he asked anxiously.

"Well," replied the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye, "he hasn't got all his toes on one foot."

"Oh, heavens!" moaned the other. "I've always dreaded that the child would be malformed."

"Of course he hasn't got all his toes on one foot," proceeded the doctor with a grin, "he's got five on each!"

HITLER, it is reported, attended a big banquet to prepare which two French chefs were specially brought from France.

Before the banquet began Goering proposed a toast: "To that genius, our Fuehrer, who sees everything, hears everything, and knows everything."

The first French cook turned to his colleague and whispered: "I bet he doesn't know I've put castor oil in his soup!"

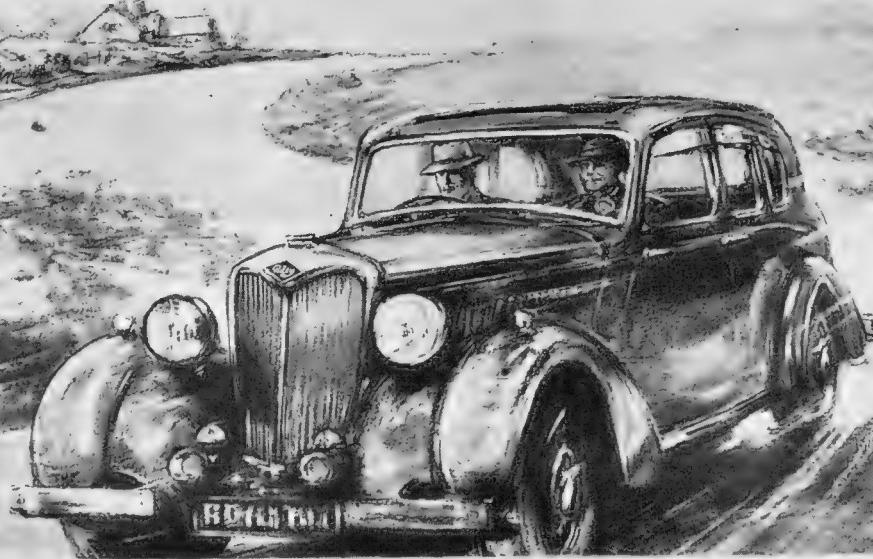
A YOUNGSTER was asked by his history teacher to name the principal cultural contribution of the Phoenicians. The answer, given without hesitation, was "Blinds."

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Assistant: On the contrary, Madam. In fact, Bemberg lingerie and many of the fabrics made from Bemberg yarn are actually improved in both handling and appearance by repeated laundering.

Customer: What a joy that is in these difficult coupon days!

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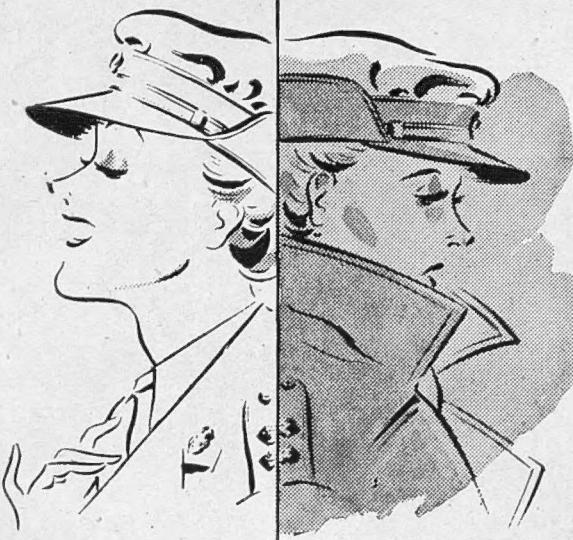
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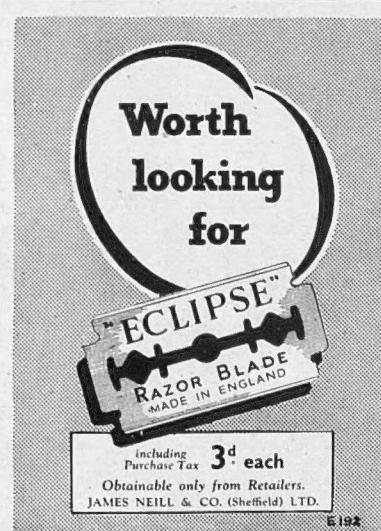
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